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From the Knickerbocker.

THE SOUL.

BY J. G. PERCIVAL.

Our thoughts are boundless; tho' our frames are
Ours are immortal, tho' our limbs decay:—
How darkened in this poor life by a veil
Of suffering, dying matter, we shall play
In truth's eternal spheres;—on the way
To Heaven's bright portals our car shall roll;

The temple of the power whom all obey,
Can take no lower flight, and seek no meane goal.

I feel it—though the flesh is weak, I feel
The spirit has its energies extanted;

By all its fatal wanderings; time may heal
This wound which it has suffered: folly claimed

Ton large a portion of its youth;—I claimed

Of those few pleasures, it would leap and fly,

And soar on wings of brightness, like the famed

Elijah, when the chariot rushing by,

Bore him, with steeds of fire, triumphant to the sky.

We are as barkes afloat upon the sea,

Helmeless, and earles, when the light has fled,

The swift whose strong influence can free

The drovess soul that slumbers in the dead,

Cold night of mortal desesse:—from the bed

Of sloth he roses at her sacred call,

And kindling in the blaze around him shed,

Reads with strong effort w/o debasing thrall;

And gives to God his strength, his heart, his mind,

his all.

Our home is not on earth; although we sleep

And sink in seeming death, while yet there is

The awakening voice speaks loudly, and we leap

To life, and energy, and lightning;

We examplyslamer always in the den,

Of sense and selflessness; the day will break,

Ere we forswit leave the haunts of men:

Even at the parting hour, the soul will wake,

Non, like senseless brutes, its unknown journey take.

For the Watchman and Journal.

The first Annual Report of the Waitsfield Female Anti-slavery Society, at their annual meeting held on August 30th, 1837.

Amidst the flood of light which is emanating from the pens of talented and literary men, and the mighty efforts which are making by efficient agents, to diffuse information from the pulpit, and other places of public worship, upon the subject of equal rights, it cannot be expected that an obscure individual can add to the force of arguments already familiar to you, or bring any hidden thing to light. Deeply do I participate in the misfortune of this association, in not having an able person to officiate on this occasion. But since circumstances have rendered it necessary, that I should be thus stationed, I will not shrink from an exertion to answer the expectations of the society. A variety of motives might be urged for engaging with ardor in this mighty enterprise. Such indeed is the present state of things, that we are in danger of relapsing into selfishness and losing sight of the ultimate object of all Anti-slavery efforts. The tottering state of our political fabric cannot fail to interest the feelings of every patriotic heart, and draw forth the fervent ejaculations of every christian philanthropist, that God would withhold his just indignation, and save our republic from impending ruin. I am aware of the objection that ladies should not interest themselves in political affairs. Is it nothing to us, whether we live under a despotic or republican government? Is it nothing to us whether our children enjoy the boon of liberty, inherited by them from their Creator, and which our fathers bled to secure, or whether it be wrested from them by the hands of ambition, designing men? Are not the interests and rights of our male citizens ours, in common with them? Tho' our sphere of action differs widely from theirs, it is no less important. Said the Hon. Balie Peyton of Tennessee, in addition to petitions to Congress, "I did not like these abolition petitions signed by the women. Some affected to despise them; but he regarded them in a very different light. These women, Sir, have the education of the rising generation; and the youth of our country will be brought up from their cradles, like Hannibal, to swear on their domestic altars, eternal hatred to slavery."

It is but right that nearly every honest heart in the present day, appreciates the influence of the sex. I do not speak of it as a mere boastful—far otherwise.—When we look abroad upon our nation and view with the glance of the mind, the commotions, dissensions, and the numerous moral evils which are lurking, like the internal fires of a volcano, in the heart of our republic, we have cause for the greatest humility and self-abasement before God.—We cannot duly estimate our responsibility without a proper view of the extent of our influence. For this reason, the subject cannot be too strongly urged upon our consideration. Upon mothers, under God, in a great measure, hang the destinies of nations. You may startle at this idea, as involving such immense responsibilities; but do not reject it as absurd, until you have weighed it in all its bearings. Scrutinize the conduct and disposition of your child, instill into his mind the principles which are indispensable to his own future well-being; let the golden rule, "Do unto others, whatsoever ye would that they should do unto you," be ever before him, in precept and example, and as his capacities enlarge, and his mind becomes matured, see how much of the impress of the mother is manifest in the manhood of the child. The principle of equal rights, will be too firmly fixed to be easily overcome. His soul would revolt at the practice of slavery, or its kindred evil, aristocracy. Mothers, whilst you are thus cultivating the minds of your offspring, and imparting, or providing for their literary instruction, thus preparing them for future usefulness and respectability, remember the colored mother, who, ignorant upon almost every subject but her own miseries, sees her children (if permitted to remain with her) growing up, not for usefulness and respectability in society—not to be her comfort and support in the decline of life, but to add to the coffers of the master for whom she is doomed to toil without compensation. Upon this

point, let all the tender sympathies of the material heart be roused to action. Tho' we have never seen our children torn from us by the hands of an unrelenting tyrant, we may participate in the anguish of the colored mother. When you sit by the bedside of your tender offspring, watching with deep solicitude the ravages of disease—hope for its recovery and fear of its speedy dissolution alternately preponderating—remember the colored mother, who is compelled, both in sickness and health, to commit her child into the hands of those whose tender motives are cruel, even preferring death for her child to the continuation of life of such misery. When your child returns to you after an absence of a day, or an hour, full of glee and fond anticipation, remember the colored mother, who, it permitted to-day to receive an importunate care to her child, tomorrow it may be torn from her fond embraces, and driven by the merciless slaver to toil on some distant plantation, where it can never again receive so much as a look of maternal affection, to alleviate its sorrows. When you surround the domestic altar, and open the Book of Life to refresh your souls by the perusal of its sacred pages, and to convey instruction to your children from that invaluable treasure, and then pour out your souls before God in behalf of yourselves and families—remember colored families, who, ignorant of the sacred truths of the Bible, must have had vague and indistinct notions of its Author. It becomes us thoroughly to search our hearts, and see whether we have sincerely, before God, repented of the sin of slavery. But, says one, I feel no personal guilt; I have had nothing to do with slavery. I would ask that individual, whether she has not known from her childhood that slavery existed in our land? and whether, in her importunities with God for his blessing, she has plead, and agonized, for the slave as she would for one of her own kindred in like circumstances? If not, she has not remembered those in bonds as bound with them? Has she endeavored to exert an influence in their behalf among her neighbors, friends, and all, as far as her influence extends? If not, she is guilty of disobeying the commands of God, in not remembering those in bonds as bound with them? Has she made any sacrifices, deprived herself of any conveniences, or even luxuries, with the view of aiding in hastening their emancipation, as she would wish others to do for her in a like case? If not, she has not obeyed the command of our Savior—"All things, whatsoever ye would that men should I do unto you, do ye even so unto them?" If the time has ever been when our ignorance upon this subject could palliate our guilt, it is no longer so. Light has burst upon us; and we are called upon to toil harder than thunder to repent, and bring forth the fruits of repentance. And what are the fruits of repentance? A second whipping was rarely necessary. A steady hand, a mild but firm manner of issuing their commands, were sure to produce obedience. It was an invariable rule with them, when they were in a passion, never to promise the minutest thing without performing; and yet their children loved them most tenderly—wallowed and played their little gambols about them with the utmost freedom. If it was convenient they came to the table—if not, without a murmur they waited. They grew up patterns of filial obedience and affection, and added to society the most correct, useful and respectful members.

Listen to old Robert:—Never strike a child while you are in anger. Never interfere with your husband or wife in the correction of a child in its presence. The parents must be united, or there is no end to government. Never make light promises to children of rewards or punishment, but scrupulously fulfil what you promise. Begin early with your children—if the temper be high, break it while young—it may cost you and them a pang, but will save you both fitly afterwards—and then in your government use the rod sparingly. It is better and easier to command from their love and respect, than by fear. Keep these rules, and, my word for it, your children will be a happiness to you while young, and an honor to you when they grow up.

RASPING MACHINE.

In Thordike, we saw a very simple apparatus for grinding or rasping apples to make cider, which we thought would answer very well for beets. It consisted of a short cylinder, about eight or ten inches in diameter, in which were driven bits of wire, or headless broad nails in columns, about three or four inches apart, running spirally, lengthwise of the cylinder, and the nails or wires separated, perhaps a quarter of an inch. This is made to revolve at the bottom of a hopper and close to a hard facing on one side. The apples are crushed between the teeth on the cylinder and the hard facing, at the rate of about one bushel per minute. This apparatus is carried by water. It is owned by Capt. Timothy Ferrel, a very large farmer. The same water machinery is made to turn a grindstone and churn butter. A long lever, swinging in the middle, which can be connected with the grindstone crank, balances up and down, and piles the churn dasher at the other end. The butter from a large churnful of cream, can be extracted in about five minutes.—The water power is nothing but a little babbling brook, but Yankee ingenuity has compelled it to well work its way to a larger stream, to water horses, grind apples, turn grindstone, churn butter and irrigate a fine homelot.—V. H. Gaz.

Query. What's become of the Philadelphia Van Buren Minute Men? Have the "Royal Guards" dispersed since the Western thunder bellowed in their ears?—N. Y. Star.

Death of a Member of Congress. Colonel Standifer, member of Congress from the 4th District in Tennessee, died on the 20th inst., on his way to Washington.

Extensive Robbery!—Mr. SINCLAIR, a Miller from Waterloo, in this State, went on his way to Ohio to purchase wheat, had his truck robbed of SIXTY THOUSAND DOLLARS. We understand that a reward of \$10,000 is offered for the money.—N. Y. Express.

GOVERNMENT OF THE UNITED STATES.

MARTIN VAN BUREN, of New-York, President, salary \$25,000.

RICHARD M. JOHNSON, of Kentucky, Vice President, salary \$5,000.

JOHN FORESTH, Georgia, Secretary of State, \$6,000.

JOEL R. POINSETT, S. Carolina, Sec'y of War, 6,000.

MARION DICKERSON, N. Jersey, Sec'y of Navy, 6,000.

LEVI WOODBURY, N. Hampshire, Sec'y of Treas'y, 6,000.

AMOS KENDALL, Kentucky, Postmaster General, 6,000.

PENNSYLVANIA.

Lemuel Paynter

Jacob Fry Jr

David D. Wagener

Edward B. Hubley

Henry A. Muhlenberg

Luther Reiley

Henry Logan

Dan Shaffer

Chas McClure

W. W. Potter

David Petiken

Robt Hammond

Sam'l Morris

John Klingensmith

Andrew Buchanan

Wm K. Bond

J. Ridgway

Arnold Plummer

John Sergeant

George W. Tolland

Charles Taylor

Alexander Harper

John W. Allen

Edward Davies

David Poole

A. W. Loomis

MARYLAND.

J. T. H. Worthington

Benjamin C. Howard

Isaac M'Kim

Francis Thomas

John Dennis

James A. Pearce

Wm C Johnson

Daniel Jenifer

DELAWARE.

John J. Milligan

ILLINOIS.

A. W. Snyder

Zadock Case

Wm L. May

OHIO.

Alex Duncan

Taylor Webster

Thomas L. Hamer

John Clancy

D. P. Leabett

Wm H. Hunter

Mathias Shepler

Daniel Kilroe

Patrik G. Goode

Thomas Corwin

Calvary Morris

Wm K. Bond

J. Ridgway

Samson Mason

J. Alexander Jr.

George W. Tolland

Charles Taylor

John W. Allen

Elisha Whittlesey

A. W. Loomis

LIST OF THE FORTY-EIGHT OFFICERS

Of the General Government, from its commencement

under the Constitution until the present time.

Presidents.

1789 George Washington of Virginia.

1797 John Adams of Massachusetts.

1801 Thomas Jefferson of Virginia.

1809 James Madison of Virginia.

1817 James Monroe of Virginia.

1825 Andrew Jackson of Tennessee.

1837 Martin Van Buren of New York.

Vice-Presidents.

1789 John Adams of Massachusetts.

1797 Thomas Jefferson of Virginia.

1801 Aaron Burr of New York.

1805 George Clinton of New York.